

THE QUIVER

Saturday, June 29, 1867.



(Drawn by G. J. PINWELL)

"She is gathering pears in the garden."—p. 614.

THE SOLDIER OF FOXDALE.

THE Vicarage of Foxdale stood in a valley between two ranges of hills in a northern county of England. Looking down the valley on a clear day, you could see the ocean in the distance,

with a white sail dotting it here and there; while the hills on your right were covered with varied foliage, rising from the fields at their feet to the summits that summer saw purple with heather.

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If the Vicar of Foxdale was fortunate in possessing so charmingly situated a residence, the inhabitants of that village were equally fortunate in having so good a clergyman. Dr. Leyland, the vicar, had taken high honours at his university, and, although he had been pressed to remain there as a tutor, he had preferred parish work, and had taken the college living of Foxdale, where he laboured unceasingly amongst the scattered population forming his flock. He was a favourite alike with rich and poor, and as kind and genial in the cottage of the labouring man, where he was always a most welcome guest, as when associating with his richer friends.

At the time my story opens, a party was gathered round the vicar's hospitable table. An old college friend, who was the incumbent of a large London parish, had come on a visit to Foxdale, to see if the moorland breezes would blow away some of the cobwebs which the city had spun round his brain. Not that the Rev. Edward Stanford was the sort of man any one would suppose to have his brain in a cobwebbed state, for his was a singularly clear and acute intellect; so my description must simply be taken to mean that, after hard work in the city, he had come to Foxdale to recruit his health.

He was a widower, and his daughter Mary had accompanied him, much to the satisfaction of young Mr. Leyland, then home from college for the Long Vacation; for George Leyland had met Mary Stanford before, at her father's house in London, and had long been in love with her, Mary doing him the honour to return the compliment.

She was a quiet, fair-haired girl, now looking rather pale; but the country was fast bringing back the roses to her cheeks, which had fled from them during her city work: for Mary Stanford worked hard in her father's parish, and was known and beloved in many stifling London alleys, where the policeman sometimes hardly thought himself safe.

George Leyland, at home, as I have said, from college, was going into the army, and had already had some taste of soldiering, being an active member of the University Rifle Corps. The vicar and his guests were sitting at dessert, and George's prospects were being discussed.

"I have always had a respect for the army," said Mr. Stanford. "Many officers are good and noble men, and work for the amelioration of the condition of the soldiers under their command in a most praiseworthy way."

"They do, indeed," said Dr. Leyland, "and George must not forget that a soldier has other duties than fighting."

"I hope I shall not do so, sir," returned George; and Mary Stanford looked at the young man as if

she thought there was no doubt but that he would do great things.

"I wonder, George," said Mr. Stanford, "that you have never thought of enlisting yourself under our banners. We are soldiers, you know."

"Indeed, sir," said George, "I——"

"Yes, my boy," said Mr. Stanford: "you would not have looked puzzled, if you had thought for a moment. We are soldiers of Christ. So, indeed, are all Christian men; but we, your father and I, are, you know, specially devoted to the service of our great Captain."

"I see, sir," said George; "but I have hardly thought of a clergyman's life in that light, I confess."

"Ah," said Mr. Stanford, "you must come to the missionary meeting in my schoolroom next month. I know you will be in town, and you will see then what a hard fight it is sometimes, and how worthy the powers of the bravest of soldiers."

Dr. Leyland was smiling quietly at the enthusiasm of his old friend. It had long been his wish that his only son, George, should have gone into the church, but as his sympathies were in a military direction, the doctor had not thought it worth his while to oppose them. Mr. Stanford knew this, and was not without hopes that George might be won over to the missionary cause; in aid of which his talents and energy would be of so much use. Mary Stanford, too, as the daughter of a clergyman, was enthusiastic on the subject of missions, and had tried, in a shy way, to influence her lover.

The following month, when Mr. Stanford and his daughter had gone back to town, George Leyland joined them there, and went, according to appointment, to the missionary meeting. The speeches he heard, and his conversation afterwards with one of the principal speakers and Mr. Stanford, did much to change his views on the choice of a profession. When, on proposing to Mary, during his visit, and being accepted, he found that his betrothed had also a great desire that he should become a missionary, he abandoned his idea of the army, and, to the great joy of his father, commenced studying with a view to being ordained.

His ordination followed soon after this, and then arrangements were to be made with the parent missionary society in London, to send him out to one of their branch establishments in Africa. Mary Stanford had all along made up her mind to her lover's departure, yet, when the time came, her heart sank at the thought of losing him, and her courage well-nigh failed her altogether.

"You must take me with you, George," she said, one day, when they were talking over their plans for the future. "I wanted you to be a

missionary, and I am not afraid to be a missionary's wife."

And as she spoke, the fair Saxon face of the girl lit up, and she looked as if the words were no idle boast; but that, tenderly nurtured as she was, the rough work and hardships would be as nothing to her, for the cause of God, and by the side of her lover.

"I believe you, Mary," he said, half sadly, though he was proud of her courage and devotion; "but I cannot consent to expose you to the dangers of such a life as mine will be, until I have had some experience of them. I shall come back in a year or two, and then, if I am sent out again, you shall go with me; or, who knows but that my services may be required nearer home? There is missionary work to do here, as needful as that in foreign lands, as you know, dear."

"Yes," said Mary, thinking of her district-visiting; "and I like to fancy, George, that while you are at work, so far away from me, I too may be working, in a humbler way, in the same great cause; so that we shall both be missionaries."

"You are a brave little girl, Mary," said her lover; "and it is a pleasant thought that we shall be as it were fellow-workers: it will comfort me when I have to leave you." And as George spoke, the tears stood in his eyes, and Mary nestled up to him, and tried to make him forget that the day of separation must come.

But the weeks passed swiftly away, and that day came at last. The vicar and Mrs. Leyland, with Mary and her father, accompanied George to the seaport from which he was to sail, and they were a sorrowful party. Mr. Stanford was the most cheerful, and was desirous of keeping up Mary's spirits; while she, like a brave and unselfish girl, tried to suppress her emotion as much as possible, in order not to distress her father and lover. Old Mrs. Leyland, looking upon her already as a daughter, almost forgot her own sorrow in her feeling for Mary, and the vicar, too, did his best to cheer her.

They dined together on the evening of George's embarkation, and Mr. Stanford reminded him of their conversation at Foxdale.

"It seems a shame to ask you now, George," he said, "but I should like to know whether, even at this sorrowful time, you have any feelings of regret that you determined on a missionary career?"

"I have put my hand to the plough, sir," said George, "and, although I can hardly feel happy at leaving you all" (and here he glanced at poor Mary, who was almost in tears), "I would not look back. I don't think I should have made a cowardly soldier, had I gone into the army, and I hope I shall not show cowardice now that I have inscribed my name on a nobler muster-roll."

"I don't think you will, George," said Mr. Stanford. "You have a great work before you; may you accomplish it prayerfully and well."

And so, with high hopes and aspirations, the young missionary set out. A sorrowful group was gathered upon the shore as the vessel weighed anchor, and stood out to sea with a fair breeze. Mary bore up bravely, but as the vessel sailed away, she watched it with tearful eyes. Who knew what the future might bring forth, and what changes might take place before they saw the young missionary again? A prayer for him was in the heart of each of them, as sadly they turned away from the sea, and went back to their hotel. The next day they separated; Mary and her father returned to London, and the doctor and his wife to Foxdale.

For a year letters came regularly from the African coast, telling of George's work, and how he was indeed putting his hand to the plough in good earnest. Mary, meanwhile, laboured as of old in her father's parish, and comforted herself with the thought that she had expressed to her lover in one of their last conversations. They were both working together, and although it was very hard to be so separated, still, she could look hopefully to the future. George's first report to the Society was read with pride by both families, and it told how he was advancing the cause of Christ among the heathen, and doing his Master's work with a will. But, at length, letters and reports ceased; and then came a time of anxiety, and weary waiting for news. There is nothing so terrible as suspense. We feel, when enduring it, that even if our worst forebodings were to be realised, it would be better than uncertainty.

Tidings came at last, and very sad ones they were. A report from another missionary, at a station near George's, told how the European merchants had had an encounter with the natives: and, in the reprisals which followed, George's house, at the mission, had been attacked, and he had been cut down, it was believed, while endeavouring to pacify the infuriated savages.

Terrible news this to convey to the northern vicarage, and to the London clergyman and his daughter. Mary Stanford was stunned by the blow, and for some time could hardly realise the misfortune that had befallen her. George had gone out so full of hope, had worked so well, that it was hard to believe that the young missionary had been cut down in his early manhood, and while further harvests were ripe for his sickle. The two families mourned him long, and Mr. Stanford could hardly help reproaching himself for having influenced George to make choice of a career that had come to such an untimely end. As time rolled on, however, they brought themselves to find comfort in the thought that George

had laid down his life in a noble cause, and would surely find his reward.

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Ten years have passed away. It is early autumn, and the trees at Foxdale are just beginning to change colour. The sea shines as fair as ever in the distance, but strange faces are looking at it from the vicarage windows. The good vicar and his wife have been gathered to their rest, where a Latin inscription in the chancel records the fact. Mr. Stanford, too, sleeps near the roar of London; and George Leyland is well-nigh forgotten.

I have said that strange faces look out of the windows of Foxdale Vicarage. A gentleman and lady stand by the window, but the face of the latter seems familiar. In a few moments she comes out into the garden, and a fine boy, carrying a basket, runs by her side.

It is Mary Stanford, now Mary Stanford no longer—the wife of the present Vicar of Foxdale.

Long had she mourned her lost lover, till, at last, her healthy nature overcame her grief, and, in time, she had married. Her husband had pleaded often for her love before she would consent to be his wife; for she had considered herself as the wife of George Leyland in all but the name. But her father's desire to see her happily married before his death had helped her husband's cause; and she is now the happy wife of a clergyman, who, on the death of Dr. Leyland, had been appointed to the Vicarage of Foxdale.

She is gathering pears in the garden, with her eldest boy; and very bright and cheerful she looks in the morning sunshine. At times, some memories of the lost George come across her mind, but they vanish at the thought of her children and the happiness of her home.

It is strange that some such memory enters her mind now, as she stretches her hand to the pear-tree, and now and again turns smilingly to her boy, to bid him catch one and place it in the basket.

We say strange, for a man is walking on the other side of the hedge, behind her, so like George Leyland, that if she had chanced to look at him, his face would surely have recalled to her very strongly the lineaments of her lost lover. He loiters as he passes the hedge, and, unconscious that any one is looking on, she continues her occupation. The wanderer watches her with eager eyes. He takes a strange interest, seemingly, in the fair young matron and her boy. Surely his face is a familiar one.

It is George Leyland who is watching Mary and her boy. The report of his death in Central Africa was a false one. He had only been taken prisoner and confined for many years.

"It is hard to see," he said to himself. "Such happiness might have been mine, for she *does* look happy."

As he spoke, Mary was humming a fragment of a tune, and the boy was begging her to sing it over to him.

"They are all gone now," thought George, "and I hardly know the old place. There is work for me still, and she will be happier if she never hears that I have come back. No one knows of my arrival in England. I have been used to hard work during my captivity. I will work a passage out in some ship, and will go to a colony. She is happy," he added, half aloud, "I will never tell her;" and the strong man sobbed as he spoke, and gazed wistfully into the garden.

Then, as the young mother and her child still lingered in that Foxdale garden, the wanderer went on his way. His determination was a foolish, a romantic one—call it what you will; yet such foolishness and such romance had much of the heroic in it. The missionary had acted nobly.

Well might Mary that day find her thoughts recurring to her first love with curious frequency; and when the boy knelt at his mother's knee that night, a feeling of uncertainty as to the missionary's fate came over her mind, and the lad was bidden to pray, "God bless Uncle George."

WATCHFULNESS.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.



WE have only a few thoughts to add to those submitted to the readers of THE QUIVER in a former number. We then distinguished between periodical self-examination and habitual vigilance. We purposed to discuss two points as specially requiring the spirit of watchfulness: first, the beginnings of practical evil; second, the natural bias towards doctrinal error. With this latter proposition we resume

and close our paper. The infirmities and besetments already referred to, and all other delinquencies of our poor fallen humanity, have their source in doctrinal error. Sound doctrine will not secure righteousness of life, but righteousness of life is impracticable without sound doctrine. Hence, among the subjects for personal vigilance is, secondly, the natural bias towards doctrinal error.

A French writer lately contended with me

"that the best preaching was that which eschewed dogmas, and taught only morals, because all schools were agreed on the morals, however much they differed on the dogmas." Had the premises been as true, as they were plausible, even so, unanimity is not always a proof of truth. Apart from Revelation, men are unanimous in their ignorance of themselves, and of their Maker, and were all but of one heart, and of one mind, in crucifying their Redeemer. Morality of man's invention is a mental idolatry, which, though not so palpable as that of stocks and stones, as effectually substitutes the creature for the Creator, and sets up reason, as the abomination standing in the holy place where Revelation was enshrined. Besides, morality is not religion, but its offshoot. Morality is not worship; and no worship is a predicament equivalent to no God. Hence, to eschew dogmatic, in favour of exclusively moral, teaching, realises the subtle suggestion of the Pharisees to account for the vacant tomb of the Son of God: "His disciples came by night, and took him away." Take away Christ from a system, and the enmity of the carnal mind may be appeased, like "that day, Herod and Pilate became friends together," but God's glory and man's salvation are ignored.

This setting up of human standards of virtue is, unhappily, a growing error, though long ago refuted by the results of the Greek and Roman moralists, whose lessons were utterly lost upon the masses. Morality, without a basis in doctrine, like the local treatment of a disease which depends upon the state of the constitution, rather aggravates the mischief than heals the malady. Scripture only confirms experience, when it asserts "that it is not that which goeth in, but that which cometh out of a man, these are the things which defile a man." Hence the necessity to "cleanse the inside of the cup and of the platter." It is within the secret cloisters of the inner man that the process must begin which renovates, purifies, and exalts the outer man. A new life dates its birthday from a new heart. "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." Men observe the contradictions between the lives of professors, and the doctrines which they profess, and then argue as if the doctrine had failed, because its professor had. They might as justly condemn the rules of arithmetic, because the careless or unskilful blundered in their calculations. God's moral law is even more infallible and immutable than the laws of mathematics. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

Every law implies a discoverer. For every maxim in ethics there must be some original author. If I must have an authority either in man or God, should I hesitate which to choose? "Every house is builded by some man, but he that

built all things is God." Ancient and modern teachers of morality rarely, if ever, personally exemplified their teaching; but "God magnifies his name above all his words." His own infinite holiness is the standard, as his revelation is the sanction, for preceptive piety. "If the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?" Men know that, and hence some would abolish, and others pervert, doctrine. The natural bias against sound doctrine, is the indirect shape in which the carnal mind betrays its enmity against God. The phrase is common, that it was "never more important to be on our guard than now." And this is strictly and always true. Errors peculiar to other times are not so perilous to us, as those errors which are peculiar to our own. We need to be on the watch against the fallacies which affect the days in which we live, and in relation to which our duty and jealousy for the truth of Christ is concerned. There is a tendency on one side to substitute doctrine for practice, and on the other side, to prefer practice to doctrine. Both should maintain their place. One man may be evangelical in sentiment, yet carnal in life and conversation. Another may be sacramental in theory, yet personally earnest and devoted. Of both cases, it may be said: "A deceived heart hath turned him aside." Be on the watch against both these insidious delusions. Neither doctrines nor sacraments can dispense with either the example, or the atonement, of the Lord Jesus. The man whose profession is "always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus," must not divide the dogma against itself, so that it cannot stand to the next rule—"that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our body." And the man whose religion and morals both consist in ordinances, equally sets one truth against another truth, by confounding things that differ, overlooking the fact that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Beware of our fallen nature's spherical aberrations from the central field of truth. "If the light that is in thee become darkness, how great is that darkness!" It is "the blinding the eyes of them that believe not." Christ's teaching is: "Do God's will, and ye shall know the doctrine." Man's teaching is: "Be moral, and you do better without the doctrinal." The Sacramentarian comes between the two, with a proposition which, without ostensibly setting aside God, hides him behind ordinances, with their priests and golden calves; and the old cry of the Church, so lately out of Egypt, wakes its echo before their altars—"These be thy gods, O Israel!" The modern process, which leads to apostasy from Protestantism to Rome, begins with a quasi-papal exaggeration of the sacraments, the logical

sequence to which is an exaggeration of presbyters to priests; which, if carried to its legitimate conclusion, culminates in Popery.

Among hosts of such issues occurring around us, one of a very recent occurrence with two friends of my own, presents a painful illustration of the natural result of Sacramentarian teaching. They were man and wife, both of no ordinary stamp of intellect; though I think neither of them possessed very distinct or enlightened views of scriptural religion. They had entrusted to them, by a widowed mother, the charge of a younger brother, passing through his education in town. In a year or two, their young brother went over to Rome. Their mother naturally upbraided her elder children with complicity in her poor boy's defection from the Protestant faith; but their indignation—whether real or assumed I cannot tell, nor could they themselves, perhaps—might have echoed the wrath of Hazael: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do these things?" But when the time came, Hazael did them; and a month ago, so did they. Man and wife followed their brother into the spiritual harlotries of Rome. I forbade the intimacy hitherto subsisting between them and my own family. "No man can take fire into his bosom, and not be burned." The zeal of neophytes even exceeds that of their masters, "who compass sea and land to make one proselyte." It may be called bigotry, but the term oftener means consistency. At all events, better be a bigot for truth, than on the side of error. Be more tender of your children's souls, than for your friend's prejudices. The only safety in such instances, is in a loyal adherence to the apostolic injunction: "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." It would be a wrong to your own and your children's principles, and a sin against God, to risk familiar intercourse with backsliders from the Protestant faith, whose minds have been inevitably filled to the brim, by Roman teaching, with sentiments of the profoundest contempt and hatred of the ministry and doctrine of the Church of England. You have no alternative but the separation they have themselves chosen. Such persons have gone out from us—have joined the ranks of our hereditary, implacable foes; let them go. If they prefer the cruel and perfidious communion of the Sicilian Vespers, of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and of the fires of Smithfield, be it so; be your resolution—"My soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united." "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Finally, watch jealously your heart's leanings towards any sentiment which even seems opposed to old truths, because they are old. Their age is

the stamp of their reality. Religious truth, like its Divine Author, is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." If you have once personally and experimentally known Christ as your alone Redeemer and Advocate, he will henceforth be your heart's choice, like the nuptial mystery of the bride, who "forsaking all others, keeps herself only unto Him." Your fealty to "sound doctrine" will verify the Saviour's metaphor: "No man having tasted old wine straightway desireth new: for he saith, *The old is better.*" "Turning neither to the right hand nor to the left"—neither to Rationalism on the one hand, nor to Ritualism on the other, cleave, like the limpet to the rock, to the blood of Jesus, as the sole, but sufficient sacrifice for sin; and to the righteousness of Jesus, as the sole but sufficient fulfilment of the law; and to the Holy Spirit of Jesus, as the sole but effective sanctifier of the soul. Ritualism is sometimes defended as the antidote to Rationalism, as if the former extreme were the specific to grapple with the latter. But the one is as much a human substitute as the other, differing only in type. Rationalism sets up man's reason, instead of the inspired Word; Ritualism sets up man's religion, instead of the simple determination to "know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Hence, to attempt to "stay the plague of Rationalism" by the liturgical millinery of Ritualism, has its only parallel in the compact which the Saviour disavowed, more indignantly than any other of the contradictions of sinners against himself—viz., that "He cast out devils through Beelzebub the chief of devils." The dignity and truth of Scripture stoops not to such homœopathic theories. Such remedies may have their place, in physical maladies; but for that complication of disorders involved in our fallen nature—the blind eye, the deaf ear, the seared conscience, the carnal mind, and the dying soul, there is no hope except in the balm of Gilead, and the Physician there!

Readers of THE QUIVER, be on your guard against the plausibilities of error, that "deceivableness of all unrighteousness," which, with "enticing words of man's wisdom," and loud talk of liberty and progress, and "oppositions of science falsely so called," with multiform varieties of cunning craftiness, lies in wait to deceive. The eye of God is upon you; have an eye to yourselves. "The light of the body is the eye: if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Pray for uniform singleness of moral vision. "Watch thou in all things," and then other eyes—perhaps of "familiars who watch for your halting"—"will be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you."

In a less prominent, but in an equally real sense, Christians are still what St. Paul described them: "We are a spectacle to the world, to angels, and

to men." More eyes are upon us than we imagine. "See then that ye walk circumspectly," looking about you—and looking above you—that God's Holy Spirit may impart you daily fresh supplies of wisdom, grace, and strength, to be true to him, and then you will be true to yourselves, and to your contemporaries.

I was lately shown a warehouse, which at night was patrolled by a watchman, who had to place a tally in the clock-case every half-hour, in order to

prove in the morning that he had been at his post, and awake during the night. There is a day coming, sooner or later, to each of us, when our tallies—the proofs of our vigilance—will be produced in judgment, for or against our souls. Hence the force of the admonition: "Let us not sleep, as do others." With many of us, "the night is far spent, the day is at hand." The Lord keep us awake and watchful, "that when he cometh he may find us so doing."

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE ANTI-PAPAL MOVEMENT IN ITALY.

III.—PROGRESS OF PAPAL THEOCRACY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE true mission of life reveals itself in institutions, as well as in individuals, through works which do not perish with the fleeting interests of the day, and in the faithful following out of aims superior to all selfish objects. Selfishness is a token of moral death in churches and states, as it is in man. There was a time when, amidst the ruins of the ancient world, bishops and popes devoted their temporal endowments to beneficial and social purposes. All the prototypes of those charitable institutions which have been developed by modern society, are to be found in the early annals of the Church. The judicial competence allowed to the bishops, and the power of interceding in behalf of the weak and oppressed (*intercessionibus episcoporum*), as well as the right of asylum in churches, were often opposed by them to tyranny or private violence. But, if such were the beneficent results of the Christian spirit in the Church in its best days, those same privileges, which had been the instrument of so much good, at their proper time, subsequently became, through hierarchical arrogance and worldliness, the source of all evils, which have attended the relations between the spiritual and the temporal power. These remarks apply more particularly to the history of Papacy. The epochs of its highest authority were those in which the Roman bishops stood out as the guardians of the moral law against oppression and licence, as the champions of Christian civilisation and progress. When, in later days, the popes began to assert their sway over kings and nations for merely temporal aims, when they wielded their spiritual power but to further their political interests, the vital principle of their influence ceased to be. The form remained, the spirit had departed from it.

Let us here survey the mediæval progress of papal theocracy in the internal organisation of the Church, and in its relation to the secular power. I have elsewhere alluded to the gradual increase of papal supremacy in Western Europe, during

the fourth century of the Christian era. The circumstances which, in those days, threatened utter destruction to society, efficiently favoured the growth of that supremacy. The approaching fall of the Roman Empire, through its own decay, as well as through barbarian invasion, was foreseen and predicted "as a just decree of Providence" by the wisest of the age. There was no refuge from that imminent doom, except under the moral power of Rome enhanced by religion. Many a tribe, among the invaders, had already been accustomed to revere that power, and had embraced the Christian faith. The Roman Church was therefore called upon to be the rallying-point of a new social creation. This great idea assumed an active direction under Leo I. When still a deacon, he had given utterance to it in his work, "*De Vocatione Gentium*:"—"Rome," he had written, "has become through the primacy of her apostolical ministry still greater as the rock of religion, than as the throne of imperial power."

The fall of the empire appeared thus, to the eyes of the Roman bishops, as a signal for a wider apostolical mission, among all races of men. Imperial Rome was to rise again from its ruins, as the centre and head of the spiritual brotherhood of mankind. To this object the internal unity of the Church was of paramount importance; and, accordingly, we see, from the time of Gregory the Great to that of Gregory VII., the popes steadily at work carrying out their plan of monarchical primacy over all the churches of the West. After Leo the Great, many concurrent circumstances contributed to the progress of Papacy. Arianism prevailing among the Burgundians in Gaul and the Longobards in Italy, urged the Catholic party to cling more closely together, under the leadership of Rome. This religious reaction was furthered by national feeling. The natives of those countries hailed, at different times, the powerful and enterprising Franks, as liberators; whilst the popes regarded them as the right arm of the Church, the warriors of Provi-

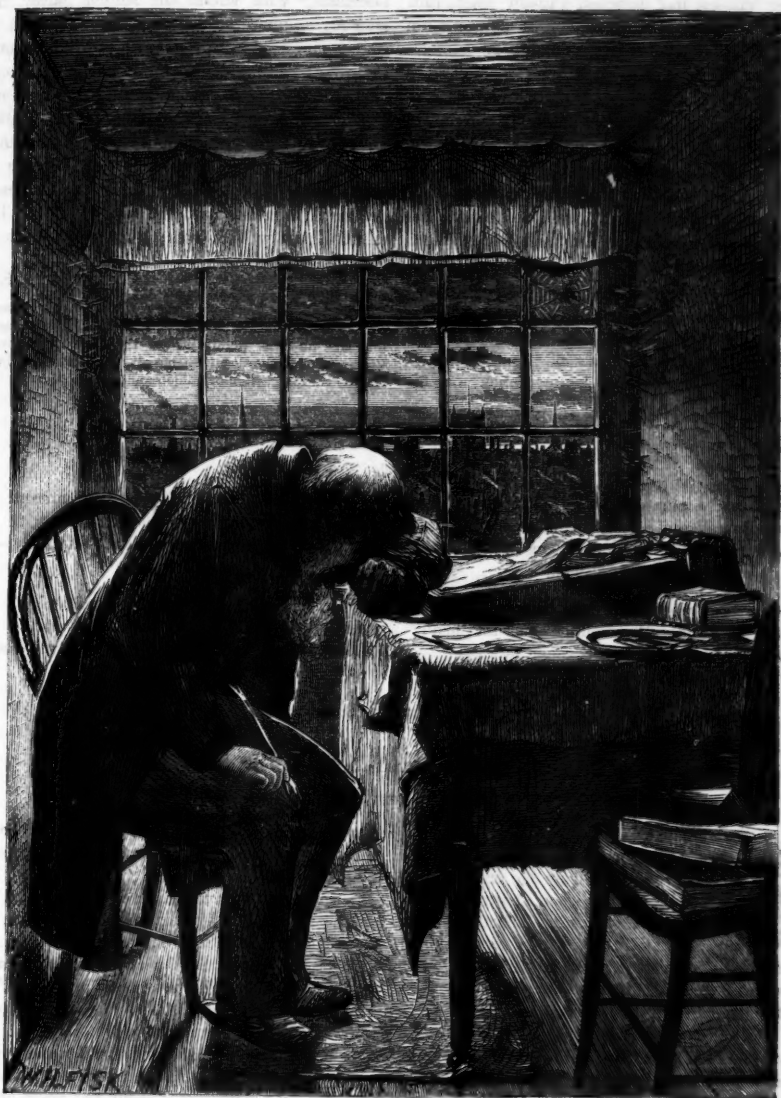
dence, sent by God to uphold the Catholic Church against its foes; a position which, through the influence of Roman divines on the Merovingian kings, and on the court of Pepin and Charlemagne, was devoutly adhered to by the two first dynasties of France. In the meantime, two great achievements of papal Rome—the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons at the end of the sixth and that of Germany towards the middle of the eighth century—had widened the field of pontifical jurisdiction.

The extension of Christianity in the West having been, from Gregory I. downwards, chiefly the work of Roman missionaries, the new churches were naturally impressed with a deep reverence for the papal see. In the same way as the converted chiefs of the barbaric tribes, despising the popular origin of their power, were looking back to Imperial Rome, as to the model and fountain-head of sovereign authority, the ministers of the Church had begun to consider no Christian work legitimate or fruitful, without the consecration of the Pope. In this spirit the Anglo-Saxon Winfrid (Boniface) went, under papal commission, to convert Germany; and, through his advice, the Synod of Frankfort, in 742, set the first example of submission to the pretensions of Rome, by making the consecration of metropolitans dependent on the bestowal of the *pallium* from the hands of the Pope.* This disposition in the national churches to abdicate their independence, was skilfully turned to account by the pontiffs. From the eighth to the eleventh century, the whole system of ecclesiastical jurisdiction and discipline was, step by step, diverted from its former course, through a centralising process, which tended to constitute the Bishop of Rome the absolute master of the Catholic community. The innovations brought about by gradual encroachment were shaped, towards the end of the eighth century, into a legal system, by means of the apocryphal decretals inserted in the collection of Isidore. And, although those documents were denounced, even in that age, as a forgery by the most enlightened among the ecclesiastics, the new canon law was, nevertheless, received by the majority as if founded on the old tradition of the Church; and it acquired the favour of all those who were dissatisfied with the local jurisdiction of their bishops. The popes had already secured an important control on the canonical elections by regularly exercising the right of confirmation. They began now to practise a direct interference in the ecclesiastical affairs of all countries by means of their legates, and by arrogating to themselves, through a universal system of appeals to the Roman see, the cognisance of all causes formerly belonging to the

metropolitans or to their suffragans. As, however, the episcopal body had, in each kingdom, obtained a considerable amount of political power, the changes which I have described, by giving to the Pope the chief direction of that power, brought him into immediate contact, and eventually into utter contrast, with the feudal monarchies of the age. The more so that, although the most liberal privileges had been granted, especially by Charlemagne, to the hierarchy, still the emperors had never renounced the prerogative, transmitted to them by their Roman predecessors, of controlling the ecclesiastical power, whenever the rights or the peace of the State were concerned. Besides, in episcopal, and even in papal elections, the sovereign sanction was maintained as an inherent privilege of the imperial crown, the popes themselves having acknowledged this traditional custom till the time of the great contest between the Church and the Empire, in the eleventh century. But if, politically, the bishops of Rome were subject to the imperial law, spiritually they were regarded as the supreme interpreters of God's judgments, the only legitimate leaders of the moral world, and on that ground they deemed themselves superior to all earthly power. Having, as we have seen, concentrated in their own hands the common authority of the Church, and secured the devotion of the people, they were now in possession of an immense moral force, which required only the genius of a great man on the pontifical throne, either to regenerate or to rule the world. And the great man of papal theocracy did not delay to appear on the stage of history, when the times were ripe for action. Now it cannot be imagined that the marvellous expansion of the theocratic principle, in the period we are speaking of, was only the effect of the ambition of some popes. It would be a very superficial method of treating mediæval history, to reduce such a phenomenon to a combination of priestcraft on the one hand, with ignorance and passive obedience on the other. The people of those olden times, the reformers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, were much less ignorant and blindly obedient than we are inclined to suppose.

Great moral and social causes, besides those already enumerated, were leading the movement; and it was through their action that bishops and feudal lords, kings and emperors, found themselves compelled to submit. The fact was, that the episcopal hierarchy, together with the kingly and feudal power, were rapidly degenerating into a lawless anarchy; whilst the lower clergy, and the oppressed populations of serfs, artisans, and tradesmen, in all countries, were turning to papal authority, not only for spiritual guidance, but for redress against hierarchical or social wrongs. During the preceding

* Hallam, "Middle Ages," vol. i. chap. vii., pp. 232, 233.



(Drawn by W. H. Fisk.)

"But one fair memory ever o'er him crept;
A glory of blue heaven, a land of green,
And new life borne on balmy air and keen—
And then he wept."—p. 650.

century (the tenth), the profligate habits pervading the upper classes had infected Papacy itself, and made it subservient to the avaricious competition of noble families and the patronage of Roman courtisans. This state of things provoked a spiritual reaction from the surviving elements of Christian life, in which all the suffering portion of society eagerly joined; and the object of the reformers of those days was twofold—viz., to free the Church from the interference of the secular power in ecclesiastical appointments, and to restore Papacy to its moral efficiency. On the latter ground, the German emperors of the first half of the eleventh century, and especially Henry III., felt themselves bound to further the reform, that they might receive from worthy hands the imperial crown. Putting a stop to the scandals of papal elections, Henry sent in succession four popes of his

creation to Rome: four honest, stubborn, religious Germans,* with whom the reform party in Italy actively co-operated in the common cause, chiefly under the leadership of Hildebrand (afterwards Gregory VII.). The same party subsequently raised to the papal throne some of its best men:—Frederic of Monte Cassino (Stephen IX.), Ghebard, Bishop of Florence (Nicholas II.), and Anselm, Bishop of Lucca (Alexander II.), during whose pontificates (1061–1073) those measures were prepared against simony and clerical licence, which Gregory VII. was to carry out with dauntless perseverance.

AURELIO SAFFI.

* Clement II. (formerly Bishop of Bamberg), Damasus II. Bishop of Brixen), Leo IX. (a relative of the emperor, and one of the chief dignitaries of the German Church), and Victor II. (Gebhardt of Eichstadt, chosen Pope by Henry III., at the suggestion of Hildebrand).

A QUIET LIFE.

THERE lived a man amid a million men;
Through mob and crowd he came and went away,
And bread of life he gained from day to day
With thought and pen.

The hurrying world of him took never note,
Nor home-love lulled that aching heart and head;
But page on page, in one dark room he read,
And wrote.

But one fair memory ever o'er him crept;
A glory of blue heaven, a land of green,
And new life borne on balmy air and keen,—
And then he wept.

Year in, year out, a weary pen he plied,
And on—and on—a dreary path to plod;
Then he had lived; and breathing unto God,
He died.

B.

THE HALF-SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IT was the morning after the funeral; that day so dreaded by the orphans had passed by. There had been the last fond look of sorrowing affection—the shrouding of the features from mortal sight, until that day when the dead, small and great, should stand before God; there had been the open grave, the solemn words, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes;" the slow mournful return to the desolate home; there had been the Sabbath stillness, the cessation from all employment, the tears wept till the fountain seemed exhausted—all this had been, and then, at length, the night had come, with its healing balm of sleep and of oblivion.

It was again morning, and Helen had arisen betimes. The temporary seclusion was over. Light had been let into the house of mourning, and with it must be taken up the thread of all those duties and cares which were pressing around. Helen knew it was so, and she was prepared.

Her face was pallid and careworn, but her eye was serene. It was a serenity which did not take its rise from any earthly hope or consideration. It had its

source yonder, beyond this sphere of suffering humanity—yonder, where death is swallowed up in victory!

In moments of anguish and bereavement, in the furnace of affliction, the world knows little of how the Christian can find support. It sees not the outstretched arm, the "One walking in the midst of the fire, and who is like unto the Son of God."

With calmness then, born of the divine hope that was within her, Helen surveyed the future. It was not a bright one, as far as the worldly position of the orphans was concerned. In fact, it required a steady courage, and a fortitude, beyond the reach of many, to grapple with. Helen, as she stood thoughtfully before the fire, was revolving it in her mind.

She had long been used to struggle with poverty; but if poor before, they would be still poorer now. An annuity, which had eked out their slender income, had died with her father. In fact, the merest pittance was left for the support of the orphans. How could it be made to do?

"If I could keep the home," thought Helen, "it would prevent what few things we have from being broken up. I could work, and Dolores—"

She paused, and a dubious expression came into her face.

For the first few days after her father's death, the grief of Dolores had been something fearful to witness. She had lain on the floor, or sat rocking herself to and fro, her hair dishevelled, her eyes blinded with weeping. Her paroxysms of grief had been so violent that Helen trembled for her very life; and then she would lie exhausted, like one whose physical powers were giving way. Her gay light-hearted nature could ill sustain such a shock; and, amid it all, she kept repeating, in accents of the bitterest self-reproach—

"I have killed poor, dear papa! He would not have died but for me!"

It was as much as Helen could do to still the tempest. She told the distracted girl, holding her in her arms, and soothing her with caresses—she told her that the act was one of pure thoughtlessness—that the sad event might have happened just the same, as the hand of Death was evidently upon him. It had come to a matter of hours; and Helen wept as she thought of her own absence. It was the duty of Dolores to rouse herself, and let the wretched past go by. There was the present to meet.

"We are quite alone in the world," said Helen, through her tears; "we have only each other to live for."

"Ah, and we shall be so lonely without papa," cried Dolores, with a pitiful sob.

That was not all. Helen apprehended what Dolores did not: the coming struggle with poverty—the attempt to keep the wolf from the door.

She dropped the subject then. She thought, until the funeral was over, she would let her sister be in happy ignorance. One weight of sorrow was enough for the undisciplined spirit of Dolores. But now, she could no longer delay. It was necessary that some explanation should be made.

"I cannot bear the burden quite alone," thought Helen. "My single efforts will not suffice, let me strive as I may. Poor, innocent Dolores!"

Presently the light step was heard upon the stairs. It is the blessedness of youth that it soon regains its elasticity. Now the much-dreaded day was over, Dolores felt as though the cloud was beginning to show its edges. She was in tears, notwithstanding. She had passed the closed door of the upper chamber, now sealed in a kind of sacred gloom and silence. She had been used to go dancing in, to wish her father good morning, and he had liked her to draw the curtain, and let the light fall on her bright face and shining hair. And she had stooped down and kissed him, and then sped away, gay as a lark, to breakfast. Now, with a shiver of dread and sorrow, she had crept noiselessly by, scarcely daring to give one tearful glance.

She looked very lovely, for all her grief. Her face was paler than usual; but the pallor gave it a delicacy that rendered it, if possible, more attractive. She had on her black dress, and a black

ribbon tied her glossy curls. Round her neck she wore a locket. This was her only ornament, and it contained a precious morsel of her father's hair. So slight and fairy-like she seemed, as she stood stretching her hands over the fire—so unfit to travel with her dainty feet over the rough places of this world—that Helen's heart gave a throb of pain as she beheld her. Still, the world must be traversed—the conflict must be entered upon. Youth and beauty form no exception to the common lot.

"Dolores," said Helen, gently, when old Susan, who was here as usual, had removed the breakfast things, "there are a few things I should like to talk over with you, my dear. Come and sit down here, close by me."

Dolores came readily enough. She sat down on the sofa close by her sister.

"What do you want to say to me, Helen?"

"My darling," said Helen, still very gently, "you are my only confidante now;" and a tear gathered in her eye.

Her father gone, and Joyce—her own Joyce—away.

"Yes, Helen," replied Dolores, still with the utmost readiness.

"My poor father's death will make a great difference to us, Dolores."

"Of course it will," interrupted Dolores, with a little sob. "There will be no one to run up and talk to, and wait upon, and sing to. It will be very lonely."

"I was not alluding to that, dear. Of course it will be lonely;" and Helen sighed as again she remembered Joyce.

"What do you mean then, Helen?" asked Dolores, in a tone of wonder.

"I mean, dear, that some of poor papa's income died with him. It was an annuity."

"Yes, Helen."

She said it in a very unconcerned manner, as though it had no bearing on their destiny.

"And therefore we shall not have so much money to spend. In fact, I am afraid we shall be very poor."

"Never mind, Helen!" and she spoke with a touch of her old vivacity, "we have always been poor here; but I'll tell you what we will do. We will leave this dismal old house, and go back to Spain."

Helen shook her head.

"Oh, yes, we will!" cried Dolores, clapping her hands with all the glee of a child; "we'll go to the dear little village where we used to live, and where we were so happy. Only that poor dear papa will be gone," added she, the smile dying away, and a gush of April tears coming instead.

"Dolores," said Helen, quietly, after a pause, "I have been thinking over our affairs. I am afraid our income will be very narrow, but I think, dear, we might contrive to make it suffice, if—"

"Oh, yes, to be sure we could!" interrupted Dolores, drying up her tears. "If you won't go to Spain, let us travel about. It would be so nice,

we could see all sorts of delightful things. Do, Helen."

Again Helen shook her head. This time more resolutely still.

"I shall try to keep the home, Dolores. It would never do to get adrift on the wide world, my child—never!" And Helen shuddered at the thought.

"Why not, Helen? I like the world."

Poor, unsuspecting, heedless Dolores! Vivid, indeed, was the picture that rose up before Helen's mind as her sister spoke. She knew better than Dolores did, what kind of a reception the world would offer them!

"If we were rich, dear," she began, trying patiently to explain the matter, "or had plenty of friends and protectors, we might do as we pleased; but we are two poor orphans, Dolores, and must struggle on as best we can, trusting always in Providence," added she, solemnly.

"I don't like struggling, Helen. I wonder why we need do it," said Dolores, in a pettish tone. "Other girls of my age go about and enjoy themselves. I don't see why——"

Just then she caught Helen's steady, reproving eye, and it silenced her. She began to shed tears—a sunshiny shower, and soon over. Helen's look had reminded her of her father. Then Helen, still patiently, set before her the real state of affairs. The necessity for exertion, and combined exertion too, if they were to live honourably and independently.

"I mean to work hard, dear, myself. You know I am well used to it," said she, with a smile, "if you would work too."

"Work! I work!" interrupted Dolores, opening her beautiful eyes as wide as they would go; "what on earth should I work at?"

"Nothing very laborious, dear. If you would only finish painting those lovely screens, we could get them sold in Workstone."

"Sold! how ridiculous!" and she laughed in derision. "Why should I sell them?"

"For bread," said Helen, shortly and bitterly.

She had not meant to be bitter; but it tried her sorely, this utter thoughtlessness on the part of Dolores.

There was a long pause after this speech. Dolores bent down her head, and Helen could see the tears stealing through her fingers. Presently she said, in a subdued tone, much interrupted by sobs, "I will do anything you like, Helen. I forgot how wicked I had been; I forgot about poor dear papa." And there followed another burst of grief, and of repentance.

To put her arm round her, to caress and to soothe her, was the work of a moment. And when this was done, and Dolores had dried her eyes, and her sunny smile had beamed forth again, Helen did not seek to renew the subject. Enough had been said. She did not wish to press hard on the young untried spirit of Dolores.

"Ah! no!" thought she, "I would rather bear the

burden alone, if I could—if only I could." And thinking thus, she went to prepare for another visit to Mrs. Hector Chillingham.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. HECTOR CHILLINGHAM had sat before his ledger for the space of one hour, his face expressive of the utmost embarrassment. He was not in his counting-house, the legitimate spot for such an employment; but he had located himself in the shabby back-parlour, Mrs. Hector Chillingham being located there too, her ball of worsted and her shears lying on the table. No other person was present, and a long and unbroken silence had brooded over the room. Mrs. Chillingham was aware that her husband, from some cause or other, was disturbed in his mind. But, from experience in her married life, she forbore to question him, knowing that, if she did so, more time would elapse ere her curiosity was gratified; but he was sure to appeal to her, in the end, of his own accord.

The worthy pair, therefore, worked on in silence, until Mr. Chillingham laid down his pen, and exclaimed, in a fretful tone, "Well, I can't make two and two any other than four; so I'd best shut up." And suiting the action to the word, he closed the ledger with such a sudden clap that Mrs. Hector gave a little start.

"What do you want to make it?" asked she, without appearing at all curious about the matter.

He did not reply. He leaned his elbows on the ledger, and appeared as if revolving some knotty point in his mind.

Mrs. Hector mended her stockings industriously.

At length he began again. "The expenses last year, Rachel, were enormous—positively enormous!"

"Not in the housekeeping," returned she, quickly, and as if this matter came within her especial province; "there is nobody in Workstone who pinches and pares as I do."

"I don't mean the housekeeping; I mean the business."

"Well, I have nothing to do with that!" replied she, giving a click with her shears.

"And not only the expenses—I have been thoroughly unlucky," resumed her husband. "I took out a patent for an improvement in the machinery—more fool I was to do it."

"Didn't it answer?" asked his wife, with some anxiety in her tone.

"Not a bit of it! It cost a mint of money, and then a fellow started up, and claimed the merit of it. I had to settle by a compromise, or else there would have been a lawsuit."

"A lawsuit!" cried his wife, alarmed.

"Exactly—a lawsuit."

She gave another click with her shears.

"Then Wilmot's failing ran into me a clear ten thousand."

"Who is Wilmot?"

"A Manchester house," replied her husband, using a technical term. "More fool I was, to do business

with them! I guessed they were shaky some time ago."

"Still, ten thousand pounds—it is a pity to lose it, I grant," replied his wife; "but to a man of capital—"

"Man of capital! I tell you, Mrs. Chillingham, these losses play the mischief with a man's capital!" said her husband, sharply.

She did not answer, except by her shears.

"Then, there is this house," continued he, rising and standing on the hearthrug; "that cost me over twelve thousand. More fool I was to dabble in bricks and mortar."

"I told you at the time a smaller house would have suited us better," returned Mrs. Chillingham, calmly.

"You see, I bought the land cheap, and that encouraged me to build. I had no idea what the expense would be, or I would have hanged myself first!"

Mrs. Chillingham paused, the shears in her hand ready for another click. Was this mere grumbling—the manufacturers in Workstone were much addicted to grumbling—or was it real? Could it be that her husband, a man of wealth and note, the most substantial man in the city, had need to hold such language? Surely not!

"I think you will get over the housebuilding," said she, in a tone of encouragement; "with your business—"

"Business!" I tell you what, Mrs. Chillingham, the business isn't what it used to be by a great deal. The foreigners are beating us out of the market as fast as they can." And he angrily pushed back a piece of coal, that protruded over the bars, with the heel of his boot.

Mrs. Chillingham made no reply to this speech. It was out of her depth. But she put down her work, and looked steadily and anxiously at her husband. When she had looked thus a few minutes, the question broke from her lips, as though she could keep it back no longer—

"Hector, I wish you would tell me what is the matter?"

"Matter enough, Rachel, if you did but know it," he replied, testily; "and know it you must, sooner or later."

"Tell it me now," said she, a perceptible tremor in her voice; "tell it me now."

"The fact is, Rachel, I am drifting fast into difficulties."

"Difficulties, Hector—you!"

"Yes, I, Mrs. Chillingham—I, my own self."

She opened her eyes wide, and her lips moved as if she were about to speak. But she did not.

"Things have gone against me, Rachel, for three or four years. I have had serious losses, and nothing has turned up to retrieve them. A business like mine is a ticklish game to play at, if you get a bad hand and no trumps."

She still looked at him without speaking. He would tell her more yet.

"I hoped the new year would set us all up; but it hasn't; it has only brought me a desperate piece of ill luck."

"More ill luck still, Hector?"

A keen anxiety was showing itself in her face now; an anxiety she could not conceal.

"Yes, Mrs. Chillingham, more ill luck still. You know those mining shares?"

"Oh, yes—yes!" She spoke hurriedly, and her voice trembled. It was evident she was getting more and more alarmed.

"Well, you may put them in your waste-paper basket, for any good they'll do us."

She turned deadly pale. "What!" gasped she, "you cannot possibly— Oh, it is too dreadful!" and she folded her trembling hands together.

"I mean the water has got into the mine, and it can't be worked. Do you understand, Rachel?"

"Oh, yes! I understand! I understand!"

She stared at him with a scared, blank look. Her face was white and sharp.

"That was the most important investment I had made. It was to pay sixteen per cent. I'd trusted to it to right me a little. Never a shilling shall I see of it—never a single shilling!"

"But, Hector, who told you? When did you know?" asked his wife, in a trembling voice.

"Last week; you may see it in to-day's paper, if you like; there's an article about it."

"No, thank you! Oh, no; I would rather not." And she put up her hand as if to screen herself from some object of terror.

She might well look so scared, poor woman, about to be hurled from the pinnacle of her glory!

But it was to her, he was looking, for counsel and strength in his hour of need.

"Now, Rachel, you are a clever woman. I want you to tell me what I am to do."

"I will, Hector, I will, when you have told me your exact position. Do not hide anything from me, I beg of you."

"My exact position, Mrs. Chillingham," he replied, in a slow and measured tone, "is this: unless I can immediately lay my hand on fifty thousand pounds, I am a ruined man, and the house, and all we have, may be put up for sale."

She shook from head to foot; but she had a good deal of bravery. Now that she knew the worst, she set herself at once to devise a remedy.

"In the first place," she began, "can't you get accommodation from your banker?"

"Quite impossible, my dear. I have overdrawn to the full length of my tether."

This was another startling fact that came upon her unawares. Still she proceeded: "Can't your business friends—"

He shook his head. "You see, Rachel, it would never do to let the thing get wind. If my credit is shaken, I am a ruined man."

"Couldn't you sell anything?"

"No, not unless I am driven to it: it would damage me. Besides, the loss—selling is ruination."

She paused, as if reflecting. Her eye had a strange expression. There was in it a look of alarm—not at what he had told her, but at what she was thinking.

"Hector," said she, leaning forward, and speaking in a whisper, "suppose you had the fifty thousand pounds, would it right you? could you thoroughly retrieve yourself?"

"I think I could; yes, I think I could."

"But are you sure of it?" asked his wife, eagerly.

"Yes, I am sure; and equally sure that, without it, I shall be—I don't like to say the word," and he dropped his voice to a whisper—"a bankrupt."

She shuddered. Could it be possible? The shock had come upon her with frightful suddenness.

She passed her hand over her face, and then again fixed her eyes steadily upon him. He nodded approvingly.

"Come, Rachel! you've laid hold of something; what is it?"

She glanced hastily round, as if afraid of being overheard. "You are sure that no way is open to you of escape?"

"None whatever; I told you so; we need not discuss that point again, Mrs. Chillingham."

She gave another glance round. A glance of suspicion, and of fear. "Well then," and she leaned forward, her face colourless, her eyes full of meaning, "there is Sophy's money!"

He started, as well he might. His eyes met her eyes.

"Why not take the fifty thousand pounds out of that?"

"Borrow it, you mean, Rachel?"

"No, I don't! I don't mean anything of the kind."

He stared at her with a bewildered, half-stupefied look. What in the world did she mean?

"The money is in your hands. You are sole trustee. You have power over it till she comes of age. You need never go to ruin, while there is that to save you."

He was speechless. The bewildered look was giving place to one of keen interest.

"You will be able to replace it, long ere she comes of age. Not a creature need know, save you and I. Remember, you have to choose between that and ruin."

Still the look of interest, keener and keener.

"We are not young. It would be very terrible to

begin the world again, without money, without credit, without friends."

He nodded acquiescence; then bending forward, and casting around the same hurried suspicious look that she had done, he whispered,

"True, Rachel, true; but, Rachel, to touch the money without the poor child's consent, would it not be like swindling?"

"Tush!" and she laughed derisively: "are you thinking of stealing it?"

"No, Rachel." He replied in a tone of meekness; when once he had let her put the bridle in his mouth, he was accustomed to be meek.

"It would not be swindling," resumed she, in a firm, resolute tone. "Sophy would lend it to you in a moment, if she knew. You could let the interest remain the same. You could replace it without a farthing's damage; it is a thing often done by those who have trust-money; yes, and advantageously too," added she, as though the argument were conclusive.

He shook his head sadly. It was evidently not a pleasant idea, which his wife had set before him.

"There is no difficulty about it," said Mrs. Hector, angry at his hesitation, and wishing to push him to extremities. "You have, I repeat it, to choose between that and ruin."

"Hark!" cried Mr. Chillingham, starting from his seat with all the terrors of a guilty conscience—"hark! some one is at the door."

Mrs. Chillingham started from her seat too; but there was no occasion for alarm. It was only the servant, come to say that Miss Percival had called.

Mrs. Chillingham recovered her composure in a moment, and gave orders that Helen should be admitted. It was quite as well that the hint she had dropped should be allowed time to digest. Her husband was timid, compared to herself, and it might not be wise to urge him too far.

"We can talk of it another time," said she, as he took up his ledger to depart.

His brougham was at the door, he was going to ride into the city. As he rode, the words kept ringing in his ear, with wonderful distinctness: "You have only to choose between that and ruin!"

Mr. Chillingham could guess with tolerable accuracy what that ruin would be!

(To be continued.)

DAME CATHERINE'S WISHES.



HERE was once a mother and son, who lived together in a pretty cottage beside a river. Dame Catherine had been a widow so long that her boy had but a faint recollection of his father. They were very poor people, and yet between the garden, the dame's spinning-wheel, and her son's work among the farms around, they had always just

enough. Dame Catherine had been brought up in a very different condition of life, and as she had imparted all her knowledge to her son, he was far superior in mind and manners to most of the village youths, and his mother often regretted that his prospects were so narrow and humble. "If only he could get out into the world, I am certain he would prosper," she constantly sighed, as she whirled her

wheel, and watched for his return along the walk by the river.

But dream and wish as she might, work must go on; and one evening she spun so attentively, that she noticed no advancing step until the shadow of a plumed hat fell on the threshold, and a silvery young voice asked, if a gentleman who was very weary could be kindly accommodated with a seat.

The widow sprang up, drew forward a brown chair, and threw a little cushion across it, and, in a second, a tall, elderly man entered, leaning on the shoulder of his daughter, a fair maiden of seventeen, who presently took a seat among the flower-pots on the window-sill.

The gentleman seemed very fatigued, but after the refreshment of a rest, he began to look about him, and admire the prospect of the sunny river, with its rising, richly-wooded banks.

"There is nothing like this in the city," said he; "and it seems like a vision of paradise."

The widow did not heed how thin and wan he looked, nor did she notice his words, except to mark that he came from the town for which she was always longing, and she almost started when he added, "You must be very happy here."

"I don't know," she said. "Perhaps I might be, for my own part, but for Richard's sake I wish I was elsewhere."

"Is that your son?" asked the gentlemen.

"Yes, truly," said the widow, "and it grieves my heart to see him working in the fields through sun and shower, with no companions but coarse peasants."

"Then you have not always lived here," said the stranger, with a dim look of recognition in his eyes.

"Certainly not," she answered. "In my husband's time we lived in the Clock House of Avondale town."

"Then you are the widow of my oldest friend," exclaimed the invalid, rising. "You must have often heard your husband speak of young John Herman, who went to Flanders—yes; and you saw me once, twenty years ago. Well, here I am, old Councillor Herman, of Avondale."

And then the young lady came softly forward to salute the relic of her father's old companion, and her soft brocade rustled against the widow's scanty serge, and her white, smooth fingers touched the other's brown toil-worn hand, and made it look darker and rougher than ever.

"Richard must go back with us to Avondale," said the gentleman. "His father's son must not live among boors any longer. What! is this he?" for the young man entered at that moment, and for some minutes could scarcely understand the rapid tale which his mother unfolded; but when he comprehended, his eyes flashed, and his form dilated, and Juliet Herman, the merchant's daughter, thought to herself that he would certainly become a very fine young man, if he once associated with

smarter people than his dingy mother, in her woollen gown.

The shadows of evening had fallen, and the stars were reflected in the waters, ere Richard conducted the Councillor and his daughter back to the inn, where their carriage awaited them—truly a fine carriage, with noble dappled steeds! and Richard lingered to watch them drive away, and mused on penniless youths, who had married their master's daughters, and inherited their master's wealth, for it was arranged that Richard should go to Avondale on that day week, and abide there, working in the Councillor's warehouse, and lodging in the town.

The widow found plenty to do in that week. She had a little hoard—a very little one. Had it been as many pounds as it was shillings, it would still have been but small. She kept it in a china teapot, on the top shelf of the cupboard, along with some darned laces, and sundry other relics of her "better days," laid up in lavender. She got down the china teapot, and when she put it up again it was empty—it took every penny to get her boy a single suit fit for city society. She wished the Councillor had helped a little in this matter. Perhaps he would, if he had thought of it; but he was so very rich that he did not know how poor is poverty.

When Sunday evening came, and Dame Catherine and her son sat at their open door, overlooking the river, she had time to realise the coming change. Next Sunday she must sit there alone. Never mind, Richard would not be solitary, for Councillor Herman would not withhold his hospitality from his old friend's son. She could bear anything for Richard's good; and surely, some day, in a stately city mansion, she herself would sit in the place of honour—the mother of a worthy merchant prince. Certainly her wildest wishes were coming true.

So Richard went away, and his mother stayed at home, and worked as hard as ever, and was quite content. Still, when Christmas came, it was a little bitter to find her boy could not come to her, because he was invited to a grand party at the Councillor's, and feared to give offence if he absented himself.

"No, that would never do," she reasoned; "but the Councillor needn't have asked him. He might have thought of me, all by myself. If there's to be a party, one more or less can't matter."

Time passed swiftly on. Richard came once or twice to the old house; but Christmas after Christmas his mother sat alone. She kept up her spirits, however, for her boy was prospering wonderfully, and once in the summer-time he brought Juliet Herman to visit her, and the young lady behaved most prettily, and persisted in gathering water-cresses for tea with her own hands, and otherwise displaying an agreeable condescension; but the Christmas after that, the widow was thrown into a state of frightened elation, by an invitation to spend the festival, along with other guests, at the Councillor's mansion. Her son also sent a parcel of handsome garments for her use during the visit.

On the morning of her journey to Avondale, Dame

Catherine surveyed herself in her cracked mirror, and thought her appearance imposing and perfect. On the evening of her arrival there, she ruefully glanced at the cheval glass in her chamber, and believed herself a guy. Why, the housekeeper was a duchess compared with her, and she was overawed by the very chairs and tables, they were all so gilt and grand. Even her own fine dress prevented her feeling at ease. Oh! how often she wished herself in her brown woollen gown, sitting at the spinning-wheel, looking down upon the river! And yet Richard seemed quite at home. Well he might, for he was going to marry the daughter of the house. And she thought he did not altogether care for her presence. Ah, well, she was in her place in the sanded kitchen: he was more fit for the gay saloon. It was easy to bear for his sake.

So, when Richard married Juliet Herman, in Avondale Abbey, his mother was not there; but at the wedding hour, an old grey woman might be seen going down the walk beside the river towards a little hoary church, which stood always open that passers-by might enter and pray. She went in, and sat down on a step in the chancel. It was Dame Catherine; and that was how she celebrated her son's marriage.

Again years passed on. The Councillor was gathered to his rest, and Richard ruled in his place. His mother toiled no more; he made due provision for her, that was all. She seldom saw him, she never saw his children after they were just old enough to lisp "grandmother." Juliet did not wish them to grow familiar with such a homely place as that wooden cottage. But the widow was satisfied to endure anything for Richard's good.

But was it for his good? The question sometimes forced itself on her mind. He was still a young man, and yet he grew grey and wrinkled. She heard rumours of Juliet's brilliance and gaieties, but not from him, for he rarely named his wife. And at

last he died suddenly; so suddenly that there was no last word for his lonely mother.

She remains still in the hut beside the river. She is a very aged woman, and all her wishes have faded into one regret—that she was not more contented long, long ago, when a bright youth sat by her spinning-wheel, and watched the sun set over the meadow beyond the willows. She is quite blind now, and cannot see that the wheel is covered with dust; so she folds her thin hands meekly, and says, "God's will be done, only I wish I had not wished!"

I. F.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 640.

"All go unto one place."—Eccles. iii. 20.

1. A rioch	Dan. ii. 14.
2. L achish	2 Chron. xxv. 27.
3. L aish's	2 Sam. iii. 15.
4. G ur	2 Kings ix. 27.
5. O no	Neh. vi. 2.
6. U ziah's	2 Chron. xvi. 8.
7. N abash	1 Sam. xi. 1.
8. T ibni	1 Kings xvi. 21.
9. O nesiphorus	2 Tim. i. 16.
10. O g	Deut. iii. 11.
11. N ebuzar-adan	Jer. xxxix. 10.
12. E dre	Numb. xxi. 33.
13. P hurah	Judg. vii. 11.
14. L amech	Gen. iv. 23.
15. A hava	Ezra viii. 15.
16. C andace	Acts viii. 27.
17. E lah	1 Kings xvi. 9.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 640.

"Olivet."—Acts i. 12.

1. O nyeha	Exod. xxx. 34.
2. L apidoth	Judg. iv. 4.
3. I scalr	Gen. xi. 29.
4. V ine	John xv. 1.
5. E glon	Judg. iii. 14.
6. T ertullus	Acts xxiv. 1.

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